A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, June 16. 1708.

I Began a Subject in my laſt, which really had I a Pen like *Juvenal*, to ſting with the keeneſt Satyr, or like *Ovid*, to ſoften your Ears with the dolefulleſt Lamentations, all would be wanting to ſet Home the Impreſſions of this one Subject; I mean of the fatal Effects of that horrid Combination againſt *Britain*'s Peace, by a Set of Men among us who call themſelves Chriſtians, Proteſtants, Church-men, and the like: But which I call, *as in my laſt*, Abjuration-Taking *Jacobites*.

'Tis no Breach of my Charity to ſay; Theſe are a Sort of Men, that the World never knew before; Language itſelf never formed a Word ſignificant or expreſſive of their Character, Human Invention never found an Image to repreſent them, or Human Imagination an Idea to conceive them by: To ſay they are Chriſtians, or Proteſtants, or Church-men, or *Britains*, is but to ſoften the Deluſion, and help Hand it forward to impoſe upon the World. The Chriſtian Religion knows no ſuch Practice, the Proteſtant Profeſſion abhors it, our Church mourns under the Scandal of it; Can there be ſuch a thing as a Chriſtian walking in and profeſſing to defend a wilful and the worſt Sort of Perjury, looking like a double *Janus* four ways at once, exquiſite in Hypocriſie, hardened in the Practice, and inſolent in the Defence of it? Can he be a Proteſtant that leagues with Popery, and embraces Tyranny, a *Britain* that aids

France

France, a Church man that renounces her Constitution? If these are consistent, he may be all this indeed, otherwise it is impossible.

Nor is it easie to say what he is, he is neither Christian nor Infidel; he is not a Christian, because tho' he swears by the Name of God, and lays his Hand on the Gospel, he yet defies his Authority, and tacitly denies his Omniscience, by premeditately resolving to perjure that Oath at the very Time of his taking of it; he cannot be an Infidel, because his Out-side puts on the Face of Religion, and he frequently puts on the Habit of an Instructor of others: He is neither a Protestant or Papist, not a Protestant, for he is in Alliance with Popery to overthrow the Protestant Religion; not a Papist, for he is the first to rail at Popery, and strenuously fights with its Tenets, the better to conceal his forwarding its Interest: He is neither *High*-Church-man nor *Low* Church-man; not a *High* Church-man, for he is undermining the very Foundations of its Constitution, and helping with all his Might those that declare her Apostate and Schismatick; not a *Low* Church-man, for all his Hypocrisie is put on, in order to extirpate the very Name of Moderation, and to damn all that pretend to it for Presbyterians and Phanaticks: He is neither a *Britain* nor Foreigner, he cannot pretend to be a *Britain*, without incurring the Title of the greatest Parricide in the World; for he smiles when his Country groans, he rejoyces when his Country mourns, he courts Foreigners to ravish and ruin her, and he triumphs in her Bloodshed by a *French* and barbarous Enemy: At home, he prompts Tyranny to enslave her, and sets his Hand to sell her to arbitrary, cruel and infatuated Enemies, and yet he cannot be a Foreigner himself, because he is a Native tho' a Traytor.

Thus he is neither Christian nor Infidel, neither Papist nor Protestant, neither *High* Church-man or *Low* Church-man, neither *Britain* nor Stranger, and yet he is all of them together; he is not a *Janus*, but rather like the Beast that look'd towards the four Winds— He is on this side a Revolution-Man, for he swears to the Government which is establish'd on a Revolution-Foot; on that side he owns himself a Passive-Obedience Man, and pleads for that Principle which makes the Revolution a treasonable Conspiracy and Rebellion: He is on another side an Abjuration-Man, and recognizes the QUEEN, and on the fourth side a *Jacobite*, and invites the Pretender.

Let us come to his Picture in Miniature, like *Milton*'s Description *of Sin*, keeping the Gates of *Chaos* leading into the World. He is form'd like a Christian, and has the Face of a reasonable Creature; but some cross Lines in his Countenance, which Nature or Art has no Power to conceal, show to a strict Enquirer a Mind distracted with a Possession and Complication of Lunacies: His lower Parts therefore are well described by Cloven-Feet, Talons of Vultures, Snakes, Serpents, Devils, and all Sorts of Infernal Monsters, which twining about one another, form his Entrails, thro' which all his Digestures are voided, and being contaminated and partaking of the Nature of the Vessels they pass thro', the coagulated Blood is of the same Quality, stagnate Vapours of Treason, Disaffection, Jacobitism, Invasion, *French*-Government, Tyranny, and exotic Slavery, fume up into his Head, infect his Life, and he is a painted Hypocrite without, but all Viper and Poison within.

From hence the worst of Crimes extend themselves in his Practice, as naturally as Fire ascends; 'tis no Difficulty to him to take Oaths against what he really purposes to do; to abjure the Cause he from his Heart espouses, and the Person that he reserves his Allegiance for; no Parliament can make an Oath he will not take, and should you ask him to abjure GOD or Devil, the Matter is equal; for if he abjures the last, he is never the farther off from his Service; and if he does not abjure the first, he is never the nearer to regard him. Under this jury are couched and conceal'd innumerable Mischiefs, such as these; He becomes protected by the very Government he abhors, he eats the Bread of the Nation he betrays, obtains the Favour of the Prince he conspires to depose, he is cherish'd by the poor

poor well-meaning Creatures that he debauches, he is embrac'd by that Church he in his Heart diſowns, and he is ignorantly receiv'd by thoſe that in their Hearts abhor his Deſigns.

Under his preſent Hypocriſie and Treaſon this poor Nation now unhappily groans, and too many People fall into his Deluſions, whoſe Darkneſs nothing can illuminate, till the *French* are at their Door, and a Popiſh Pretender ready to enter——— And this has a double Effect, *Firſt*, it awakens and allarms the well-meaning deluded People, and brings them to their Senſes, perhaps but juſt early enough to ſave their Country. *Secondly*, it detects the Hypocrite, who thinking his Hour is come, ſhews himſelf in his own Colours, embraces invading Tyranny, thinking it is ſtrong enough to protect him, but deceived in the Iſſues of Providence, he falls into the Hands of Juſtice, and makes his Exit like a Traytor at the Gallows.

And really, Gentlemen, tho' this is not always our Happineſs, yet I muſt ſay, if this be not the End of theſe People, unleſs their Converſion ſhould anticipate their Fate; I ſay, unleſs this be the End of theſe Sort of People, I ſee no Medium between it and our Deſtruction, for their Arts are ſubtil and infernal, their Masks cover'd with imperceptible Whiteneſs, they are the Saints of the Day, and our Deluſions are in no ſmall Danger of proving mortal.

And now I have deſcrib'd theſe People, with what Shame and Bluſhing ſhould theſe People look back upon their Conduct, who have joyn'd with ſuch People as theſe in their Elections, and given their Votes with, much leſs for ſuch a wretched Sort of Folks; if any Man, that calls himſelf a Proteſtant or a Diſſenter, has voted for ſuch amphibious Chriſtians as theſe, he would do well to look back upon his Conduct, and examine how far, upon ſerious Reflection he can juſtifie his Management to his Country's Safety, and to his own Conſcience.

But what if ſuch People ſhould be choſen, ſays an Objector now, what will you ſay then, when you find them uppermoſt, and the Strain of the Houſe running that way, you, like all the Scribblers of the Age, will fawn upon and flatter them, call them your infallible Repreſentative, and cry up all for Goſpel or for Law that they enact, let it be which way it will, for we have never found a Pamphleteer of you all, but have cring'd to Parliamentary Authority, let it go which way it will.

This is an ill-natur'd Suggeſtion, and ſavours more of a raſh Charge, than a rational Argument——It may be true perhaps, that the Writers of this Age or every Age may have turn'd their Tale, and changed their Note as Occaſions have ſerv'd them, have flatter'd, fawn'd and cring'd; to day applaud King *William*, to morrow lampoon him; to day applaud this Party, to morrow that as they find Proſperity buoy them up, or Authority back them.

But I bleſs GOD, I have hitherto acted the plain Dealer; I have never baulk'd ſpeaking Truth, when it has been more dangerous than it is now, and may the Parliament make a Law that he ſhall die at the Gallows, who baulks Truth for Fear of Power, or flatters an Illegal or Arbitrary Adminiſtration, and I'll be content to be the firſt Example, if I appear Guilty.

And therefore let me before-hand take the Freedom to ſay, and I'll never grutch, *GOD Almighty aſſiſting me*, to ſuffer for the Words; if ever we have a *Tory*, *High-Flying* Parliament, this Nation will be betray'd and ſold by them to Tyranny and *French* Government, our Liberties will be invaded, our Sovereign inſulted, our Laws be abuſed, our Treaſure be exhauſted, honeſt Men will be cruſh'd, Knaves be advanc'd, and in ſhort the Nation will be undone.

Nothing but Violence to oppoſe Oppreſſion can ſave us, and that I am ſure is as lawful to a Houſe full of Tyrants, as againſt one Tyrant, for it ſhall ever remain a Maxim to me, that Tyranny is to be reſiſted, let it come in what Shape, be ſheltred under what Pretence, or be back'd with what Authority ſoever.

If

If it were possible for a House of Parliament to be metamorphosed, and all the Members to be turn'd into real Devils, true, litteral, numerical Infernals, with Sathan himself to be their Speaker; Could it be a Christian's Duty to acquiesce with them as Legislators—No, no, Gentlemen, Names make no Distinction of Things, a House of *Tories* is a House of Devils, in a too just Sence, and Tyranny is Tyranny in any Shape, and is to be resisted in any Shape; I say no more till this Cause comes nearer in View, and you shall find, the *Review* shall always dare to speak plain Truth, let it cost what it will.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

For the Payment of King *William*, King *James*, and King *Charles*'s Debts.

Those who have Mett, do Resolve to Proceed by the Method Propos'd, which they hope cannot fail of Success, if not baffled by delay of the Persons concern'd, to unite their Interest. They that do not meet and Incourage the Proceedings, may never expect another such Opportunity.

There is much work to do before the sitting of the Parliament, and none be in disburse above one Shilling on a hundred Pound to try the Issue.

They Intend to meet next Friday, and the Tuesday after in Downing Street, as formerly, and after Midsumer day Att the House on the Right hand goeing up to the Parliament House in Old Pallace Yard, Westminster, Mundays, Wednesdays, and Frydays in the Afternoons.

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They cure Agues and Fevers of all Sorts, give present Ease in the Cholick, Stone and Gravel, cleanse the Body after hard Drinking; as also after the Small-Pox, Measles, and Child-bearing, and are a more general Cathartick Medicine than any yet known.

Prepar'd only by *R. Owner*, Apothecary, at the Pestle and Mortar, in *East Smithfield*.

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☞ I *Thomas Pritchard*, at the *Saracens-Head* in *Little Carter Lane*, near St. *Paul's*, *London*, having a Son who had a very bad Rupture, and applying to Mr. *Bartlett*, at the *Golden Ball* in *Prescot-street* in *Goodman's-Fields*, *London*, He perform'd the Cure in four Days to my great Surprize, and my Son has remain'd well ever since.

This is to give Notice, that I *Richard Baker*, of *Lawrence-Poltneys Lane*, *Cannonstreet*, *London*, having had a Rupture for about fifty Years; at last I apply'd my self to the late Mr. *Christopher Bartlett*, at the *Golden Ball* by the Tavern in *Prescot-street* in *Goodman's-Fields*; who, by his ingenious Invention of Spring-Trusses and Rupture Spirits, with the Blessing of GOD, made a perfect Cure in about eight Months, and I have been perfectly well ever since, which is about four or five Years.

NOTE, His Son *P. Bartlett* lives at the same Place as above-mention'd, and carries on the same Business, as his Father did; having been by him thoroughly Instructed therein.